THE Garland of a greene Witte.

Discouering the constancie of *Calipolis*.

A precious spectacle for wanton Wiues, fit to be read of all sorts, if oportunitie serue.

Profitable to some, and pleasant to all saue the enuious.

By *R. Turnar*.

Tout ce qui luict ne pas ore.

AT LONDON,
Printed for William Kirkham, and are to be solde at the little North doore of S. Paules Church, at the signe of the black Boy.

To his approoued good friend Maiſter *Iohn Short*, *R. Turnar* wiſheth health.

THinking my worke as ſafe vnder your Patronage from carping, as Vliſſes vnder the ſhield of Aiax, I haue entered my barraine Garden, and there gathered ſuch greene flowers as ſo ſmall a plotte affoordes: and becauſe of the Spring-time I haue made them in a Graland, according to my promiſe to preſent you withall. Pardon my branches that buds but in Sommer with the Mulberie, for I am one of thoſe Poets that came to Homers baſon, to lap vp that hee dooth caſt vp. It ſufficeth me to be a water bough, not a top bud, ſo I may be of the ſame roote: to be yron, not ſteele, ſo I be of the ſame blade: Vinegar, not VVine, ſo I be of the ſame caske: to grinde colours for Apelles, though I can not garniſh. I haue aduentured with the young VVreſtler at the games of Olimpus to receiue a fall, or at leaſt a foile; if I be pricked with a bramble, Ile thruſt my hand into the whole buſh. VVhen Bucephalus was paynted, Apelles craued but the iudgment of Alexander, whē Iupiter was carued, Priſsius asked the cenſure of none but Liſippus; neither greatly craue I any but one, the Patroner of my pamphlet. Momus muſt mocke, the Serpent Porphirius is full of poyſon, yet

hurteth hee none but himſelfe: the Hearbe Moly hath a flower as white as Snow, but a roote as blacke as Inke: the Palme-perſian Fig-tree, beareth as well Apples as Figs: the Eaſterly winde maketh the bloſſomes to blaſt, and the buddes to blow, the Bee carrieth honey in her mouth, and a ſting in her tayle: ſome diſcloſe ſubtill ſecrets, that are the Authors of the ſame, and in touching others take themſelues by the elboe. But the ſaying is, (Little ſayd is ſoone amended,) Ile keepe a meane, and medle with no man, and though I be kiſſed with Hiparchion, or forbidden to ſell wine with the Vintner in Venice, I will aduenture to put forth a Garland, & thoſe that loue wines will commend my good will. Thus reſting at his liking to whom I preſent my Garland, I end, reſting at his commaund.

R. T.

To the curteous Readers.

GEntle Readers, misconster not my writing, as the Schollers did Theodorus, rather censure aright then rashly, tis but a Garland, and though some flowers be sweete, looke not that all should haue the like sauour: weedes are glorious, and perhaps ouer-sight hath tyed them in my Garland, crop where you like, and carpe not at those you leaue, for the least in value will comprehend the Gardinaries labour. Account not cheese chaulk, because both are white, nor the full Moone, a messe of curds, least I think of you, as those curst curres that bark at all but their friends, snatching vp bones in open streets, and eating them madly in secret corners. The sharp winds pierce subtiller in narrow Lanes, then in open Fields, but sith I haue no authority to bridle their tongues, nor reason in them to rule their owne talke, I am contented to suffer their taunts: requesting those my fauorites, to take my Garland friendly, and when my Garden is full of sweete flowers, ile pluck out the weeds, and place them in my Garland.

Yours *R. T.*

I In chiefeſt time of Sommers ſpring,
O Our Gardens then we make,
H Hearing how cherping Birds doe ſing,
N No pleaſure els we take.

S So hauing ſet but ſundry ſprinks,
H Hearbs flowers in their kind,
O Of friendſhip had my Muſe ſtill thinks,
R Reaſon driue it in my mind.
T This Garland then I made with flowers,
E Each branch ſprung vp with Aprill ſhowers.

FINIS.

Conſtant Calipolis of FRAVNCE.

(·.·)

IN the dayes when Lewis ſwayed the Scepter of Fraunce, ruled in great pompe and dignitie, a man ingenious, ful of valencie, wearing with Pallas both the Launce and the Bay. Which Lewis continued long time in mortall warres with Frederick King of Denmarke, which enuie continued the ſpace of twentie yeeres, in which time, many bloody ſtratagems were performed: ſo time that tryes all things ſo weakened theyr forces, and impaired their furniture, the want of which, drave them to conclude a league for certaine yeeres, with which Ile reſt, and come ſome-what braefer to the matter.

In thoſe dayes, in the Citty of Paris dwelt a rich Merchant, named Mountgramet, who had to wife Calipolis, a woman for beauty ſurpaſſing all, becauſe none ſo beautiful, and not ſo highlie adorned with Natures workes, as richly graced with Venus amorites: ſo beautified with the gifts of both, that Nature her ſelfe bluſhed at the beautie of her owne workes, hayre like the golden wier, Iuory browes, cheekes ſtained with Vermilion tincture, eyes like the Lampes ỳ guides the heauenly Sphere, or lightens Luna to her ſiluerd Couch: lips like the Cherrie in his chiefeſt prime, a necke like the Lillies on the banks of Po, or icie hayre that growes on Boreas chinne: her pretty paps reſemble

ſemble Chriſtall knobs, or Egypts fountaines that euer flowes with milke, a body were it framed of Virgins ware, by all the cunningſt Artiſts of the world: a belly white and ſoft, much like the Downe vpon thoſe Swans that on Meander ſwims, her legge and foote with Venus might compare: and to be briefe, for beauty ſuch a one, as would force Troyalus to be trothleſſe. Therefore meruaile not, for loue reſpects no difference of ſtate ſo beauty ſerue to ſtirre affection, Cupid ſhootes as well at a rag as a robe, the mightieſt Potentates vailes their colours where Cupid comes in place, and yeldeth at his commaund without controle. But ſetting aſide theſe vaine ambages, it fortuned one Solinar a young Gentleman walking in the ſtreete, chaunced to glaunce his eyes vpon Calipolis, and in ſuch ſort, that Cupid lying in ambuſh catched him in his clawes, and made him not onely penſiue but paſſionate, and ſo perplexed with a ſodaine ſelfe conceit, that he had much adoe to quaile the extreame heate that loues flames had kindled in his breaſt, ſo with the Salamander (bathing in Ætnas flames) he haſted to his Chamber, and there ſolitarily hauing none but the walls to witnes, his woe, he broke forth, fetching a heauy ſigh in this manner. Vnfortunate Solinar becauſe vnfortunate in thy loue, hadeſt thou perriſhed at thy birth, or beene ſtifled in thy ſwadling clothes, (the Fates had domed thee with deſert,) for nowe growne to ripe yeeres, thou feeleſt more miſeries then thou haſt liued moments. A loue, the labyrinth that leadeth men to worſer danger then the Minator in Greece, or newes of death vnto a damned man, infortuned loue that kindleth deſire, yet affordeth no reward, inconſtant Venus, whoſe lawes are tyrannies, whoſe fauors miſfortunes, ſtrumpet as thou art, I diſdaine to call thee Goddeſſe, thou and the baſtard brat thy ſonne, nowe ſhow your power, your deity, and take reuenge on me, for how ere your colours be, my calamities cannot be more: and merciles women, whoſe faces are lures, whoſe beauties are baytes, whoſe lookes are nets, whoſe words are charmes, and all to bring men vnto ruine, and laſt yet moſt, Calipolis, borne of a Tigar, nurſed of the Wolfes in Siria, beautifull yet ouer baſe, fayre,

but

but vnfit, louely yet not to be loued of Solinar. Thus rowing in the tempeſtious ſeas of his appetites, guided by a Marriner, that delights in the ſhipwrack of thoſe hee carrieth, perplexed with a thouſand cogitations, ſo extreame was the force of loue, and the ſparks ſo cruell, that patience could not extinguiſh the vaparous heate, nor ſalt teares quench the fiery flames, that wanton loue had kindled in his breaſt.

So on the ſuddaine he betooke him to his couch, in hope that ſléepe would haue qualified his newe come paſſions. So laying his head vpon the carefull pyllow, intending to nod, his head fell to hammering another matter, plotting a ſecrete meanes to obtaine his new come loue: ſo reſtleſſe, turning from ſide to ſide, though his bones aked not, his head was bruſed, and his wits were a wooll gathering. Thus tumbling no long ſpace on the reſtleſſe pillow, but vp he got, and taking his Lute, firſt framed out ſome dolefull tune, and hauing fitted his purpoſe, he fingered his pen, and in a perplexed humor he writ this ditty.

Solinars Dittie.

LIngering in loue and like to die,
hey ho, hey ho, my poore hart,
I freeze amaine, and yet I fry,
Now fie vpon this extreame ſmart.
What pleaſing paines is paltry loue,
hey ho, hey ho, thats my greefe,
I ſtill condemne but neuer proue,
a froward way to finde releefe.
Delight prognoſticates my death,
hey ho, hey ho, woe is mee,
Pangs doe ſtop my vitall breath,
comfort is fled, no ioy I ſee.
Accurſed were mine eyes to gaze,
hey ho, hey ho, worſe lucke mine,
Her beauty made mee ſtand amaze,
ſo gay did glaunce her glorious eyne.

Vpon her browes did Venus play,
hey ho, hey ho, Mars did cry,
If poult foote Vulcan were away,
then Mars in loue would make a try.
But Vulcan lay ſlumbring on her lap,
hey ho, hey ho, blacke is he,
Could I but catch her in a trap,
full ſure tormented Vulcan ſhould be,
For he is blacke, and would become,
hey ho, hey ho, the Cuckolds horne,
Tis quickly ſaid, but were it done,
Venus would the Black-ſmith ſcorne.

Hauing finiſhed this Ditty, and finding oppoꝛtunitie as the ſaying is, The Cat being away, the Mouſe will play, hee ſetled himſelfe vnder her Chamber window, and ſo warbled foꝛth this Ditty. The ſiluer ſtrings of the Lute was ſo heauenly, that the eccho of the ſweet ſounde, awaked the Saint from her ſlœpe, and mounting from her night couch, opened the caſcment, and vttered theſe woꝛds. What ſweete melodious tunes are theſe, that ecchoes ſweet harmony to my dying ſoule? Ah ſay ſweete hapleſſe friende, whats cauſe of all your dolefull tunes? Mee thinkes they increaſe a ſecond heauen in my hart, then bluſh not man, take courage and comfoꝛt your ſelfe, and if your helpe bee in mine hands, aſſure your ſelfe to obtaine ſalue foꝛ your ſoꝛe, be it no impeach to my honeſt name.

Solinar oncrcloyed with ioyes at the fauourable woꝛds vttered by Calipolis, fetching a heauie ſigh frõ the center of his hart, curtained his face with a ſuddaine bluſh, and replied in this ſoꝛt. Farre be it from my hart to think of ſuch baſe vilanies, as might in queſtion Lady call your name, yet is the matter of ſuch conſequent, ſtanding vpon the credite of my ſtate, too affected with zeale and ſecrecie, as ſhould I ſpeake and faile in my expectation, it would redound greatly to my preiudice.

Calipolis, knew by the ſhoe, where the foote was pinched, foꝛ loue cannot be hidden, day appeares at little holes, and the leaſt

ſparke

ſparke of wilde fire, ſetteth a houſe on flame. The ſting of loue, woundeth deadly to the hart, therefore ſhee encouraged him in this manner, fayning as though ſhe perceiued nothing. Sweete friend, if the cauſe of your complaints be according to the tenor of your proteſtations, aſſure your ſelfe to receiue comfort to your owne content, and to paciſie your paſſions with pleaſant ioy: therefore frolike in thine attempt, ſpeake thy fill, & if thou faile in thy deſire, imagin I am either too coy, or thy ſelfe too curious.

Shee, hauing vttered theſe wordes, Solinar in breefe began to breathe out his paſſions, but Fortune (who is conſtant in nothing but vnconſtancie, alwaies inclined to croſſe mens courſes,) did breake them from their chat in this manner. Baltegar one that had beene of long continuance a friendly fauorite to Calipolis, Fortune ſo ſpightfully thwarted his endeuours, that he could neuer obtaine perſonally to ſpeake to her, til the Fates had plotted this time and place of opportunitie: and finding Solinar ſo conuerſant with her, he ſo highly fauoured, (Loue that Tyrant ſo ſtirred his ſtomack, that hardly coulde hee holde his hands from murther,) yet at laſt he began in this manner.

Preſumptious Solinar, whoſe peremtory attempts deſerues the gurdon of death, dareſt thou preſume to court that Saint in whom I haue ſhrined my hart, the Goddeſſe whom I adore, accounting of her as my ſecond ſelfe, therefore hands of, or els behold thy death, drawing his ponyard. Theſe hard euents amazed Solinar greatly, yet putting on good courage, he replyed to this effect. Good ſir (quoth he) are you priuiledged in loue, or ſo tied to the beauty of a woman, that no man may looke vpon her but your ſelfe: had the Gods fauoured me with ſuch a priuiledge I durſt aduenture without requeſt to ſhew it.

To this replied Baltegar, ſuffiſeth beauty is my priuiledge, if that ſuffiſe not inquiſitiue Solinar here is my weapon to authoriſe it. With that Calipolis as one amazed at theſe hard euents, being a woman ſo conſtant, as no Circes with all her charmes, nor Calipſoes inchantments, could once preuaile a iote to blemiſh her affection, ſhee was conſtant Silera, and not a diſſembling Helin, ſhee eſteemed more of an ounce of honeſtie

then a pound of paltry stuffe: so wrincking her browes, beautifying her face with an angry blush, beganne in thys manner. What meanes these vaine ambages? tis not vnknowne to the better of you both, that Calipolis is trothed Spouse to Mountgramet, and such a one, as scornes to staine her marriage rites with such base reproch, or the vertue of an honest name, with the infamous slaunder of a naughty Packe, or a wonder to the worlds sole eye. Baltager impatient to heare her prattle, enforced by loue, broke forth into these speeches. Mistresse (quoth he) fayre Helens nuptials of Greece were solemnized, yet proued shee vnconstant to Menelaus, and forsooke the delicates of Sparta, and what enforced that but loue. Admit she did, sayd Calipolis, yet haue I vowed my selfe to the contrary, as constant to my Mountgramet, as euer that fayre Dido was to her Vlisses, and rather shall the running streames of Exanthoes recoyle, or the world turne to a Chaos, whence it came, then will Calipolis once falcifie her faith to Mountgramet.

Solinar frying in loue, like the Salamander in Ætnas flames, taking her by the hand, beganne as followeth. By your leaue Mistris, giue me leaue to reply, Windes often vary, and who resembles them but women? Baltager breathing it out like a Braggart, thus said, Sirra, who gaue you authoritie to make comparisons? twere not amisse to make thee eate thy words, or with my poynard thrust them downe thy throate.

Whilst thus they were at controuersie trying each others title in loue, Fredericke King of Denmarke, being lately come to the Court of Fraunce, accompanied with King Lewis, fortuned to behold this beauie aspect, wondring what it should prognesticate, insomuch that entring somewhat neerer, King Lewis began in this manner. Base pesants, auoyde our presence, and get you packing. With that they both departed with mickle sorrow, fetching many a heauy sight, but marke what after happened. Loue that respects no difference of state, kindled such flames in Fredericks breast, that hanging downe his heade towards the earth, not a merry word for a million, he stood all a mort. Then Lewis, whose loue did ballance Fredericks affection, plucking vp

a small

a ſmall courage from a conquered hart, taking Frederick by the hand, fell to theſe wordes.

It ſeemes (my Lord) the blinded boy hath played the wagge with you, in loue at the firſt looke, if he haue eſcaped Lewis, thou art ſtung. Can beautie bring you to ſuch a bane, that is but a bauin blaſt? Hebay bloſſoms, that open with the dew, and ſhut with the ſunne, Roſes garded with prickles, flowers ſubiect to the Northerne blaſts, the beautifull bloſſoms in Parthia, that periſh in their prime, or the apples of Tantalus, that touched turne to aſhes: the comly ſkinne, that clothes the hatefull Snake, the Bor tree, whoſe leafes are alwaies greene, and the ſeedes poyſon: aboliſh this fond determination, extend the Tyrant out by force, for entring at the eye, it harbors at the hart, loue is more perrilous then precious, affording delight with deſire, but death with deniall. Lewis beeing wringed with the ſame ſhoe, was preſently ſtrooke with a contrary obiect, in thys manner, In amour il ny ade fauta, why rage I beyond reaſon, ſhe is beautiful and therefore worthy to be loued, ſhee is comely, and deſerues to be accounted on. How now Lewis, hath loue turned thy launce to a Poets penne, to paynt out thy paſſions, is Armour turned to amor? What? is Mars able to reſiſt Iupiter, and not to withſtand beauty? is it Venus muſt were the Target, and Mars the diſtaffe? Omphale handle the Club, and Hercules the Spindell? muſt Alexander crouch, and Campaſpe looke coy? this verifies the old prouerbe to be true, women will rule in loue, howe euer men are luſtie in courage, no dignitie is able to reſiſt Cupids deitie. Loue enters by ſeeing women, and works not by hearing their wordes: therefore ſeeing Cupid muſt be obeyed, I am content to bow: Nullis herbis amor eſt medicabilis. So fetching a ſigh, began to ſay, my Lord, there is one thing on the ſuddaine greatly troubles me, which is this, that both you and I ſhoulde ioyne our harts in ſuch vnlooked for paſſions. Not ſo my Lorde ſayd Fredericke, I hope you doe but teſt. Teſt (ſaid he) nay would I did, then were my griefes the leſſe. Here grieue my Lorde, (quoth Frederick,) for ſith the cauſe is ſuch to ioyne our harts in ſuch a ſimpathy, all enuy ſet aſide, let vs agree to yeelde to each

others fortune in our choyce. Content sayde Lewis and wo, so ere befall, shake handes my Lorde, and Fortune thrine a. all.

Thus after much prattle, they concluded that Lewis should giue her the first onset, who taking her by the hand, begaune as followeth: Mistres of my harts sole affection, brighter then siluered Luna or Sol, amidst his Horizon, thee whom the Gods hath appointed to ransack my entralls and robed me of my hart, it were enlesse to rehearse the inward griefe I haue sustayned, since I fired mine eyes on that admirable Comet, whose beautifull rayes, staineth stately Iuno in Samos, or Diana in Delos, Minerua in Athens. It were vaine to boast of Sibillas beautie, or Egipts fayre Isius, Cassandra Troyans pride, bright Penelope, or Romish Cornelia. Sabo shunne to shewe thy face, Lucrecia lurke, Hebe blush, Sephronia stoope, Sapho kneele, and Laura yeld the pride of beauty to this blazing lampe, whose rayes hath kinled fire in my breast.

Calipolis hauing listened to the Syrens song, and cloyed her eares with the praises of her beautie, armouring herselfe with the plated coate of constancie, in this maner broke him from his vaine similitudes. I beseech your Maiestie, if the earnest entreatie of a poore Merchants wife, may molifie your hart, or the teares of a constant Spouse, may desire your fauour, (vpon my knees) grant me liberty to speake, for a womans tongue is her best defence (quoth she.) Lewis that was so stung with loue, that had she asked his Diademe, it could not haue beene denied, granted her liberty, who framed her speech in this sort. Dread Soueraigne, the scandalist reproch that can befall a woman, is to bee stayned with the infamous blotte of disloyaltie, and more welcome to me is the newes of death, then the name of Concubine to a King, were it the Monarch of the world, and more (quoth shee) what might Mountgramet thinke of mee, how would the Queene your bedde-mate looke on mee, to see a Pesant borne, possesse the place of a Princes. Pardon dread King, your request extends to such defamation, that I rather desire death, then lyfe if it stand not with your liking, vnlesse you extinguish this lasciui-

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loue, and set me at liberty.

King Lewis being impatient, because perplexed in minde, to heare such a cooling carde, began as followeth. Heauenly Iuno (quoth he) Dianas branch, fedde with Pallas paps, it forceth not what Isabella saith, what Mountgramet coniectures, Lewis is a King and may commaund, and more to requite thy loue, if Isabella die, Ile gyrt thy temples with a Diadem, brighter thē the morning starre, more precious then the Carcanet, the Emerald, Rubie, or the Carbuncle, the Onix, Saphir, and the Chrisolet, the Topace, Jasper, and the Adamant.

Calipolis not respecting these large proffers, cut him of in this manner: quoth she who liues to weare a dead mans shoes, (I haue heard it saide) may gaule his feete with going bare-foote. Lewis replied, admit (sayd he) I make thee Queene, and banish Isabella. I, sayd she, so to gaine a Crowne, might heape a thousand cares vpon my head, therefore sweete Prince, quoth shee, were it to beare Atlas burden on my backe, to roule the restlesse stone with Siciphus, I would rest at your commaund, rather then to impeach my honest name with any title of defamation. Lewis seeing neither speech nor proffers would preuaile, gaue ouer with a kinde salute, hoping in time to attaine the top of his desire. With that Calipolis dooing her dutie, departed. All this while stoode Fredericke in a passionate dumpe, not able to vtter a word for a world of wealth. After her depart hee began as followeth: How farre hath nature wrought beyond her skill, in framing such a Saint, as all the Artists in the world cannot proportion? Apelles nere pictured the like in Greece, though Alexander did him so commend. Timantes counterfeits are counterfeite to this. Lisippus skill cannot preuaile a iote, Pigmalion would haue loued the shadow of thys Saint. Perillis adored the grounde shee goes vpon, and Alexander honoured, farre aboue the counterfeit of Campaspe. After he had thus warbled forth a multitude of prayses, they both consented to return to the Court, Lewis being passionate, entred his Chamber of Presence, but Fredericke frying in loues vnquenchable flame, made returne to finde out the Merchant, and meeting him where time and place

gaue

gaue opportunity, he broke forth into these speeches: Mountgramet, quoth he, what is the greatest scandall belonging vnto a married man? Mountgramet amazed wherefore the King should vtter such speeches, replyed in this maner: sith your grace doth permit me liberty to speake, (may it stande with your gracious liking) in my conceit, the greatest scandall can befall a man, is to haue his wife play false. True, said the King, and it greeueth me, thy selfe art tainted with the same, and to shew thee further testis, looke in this glasse, in which thou mayst behold Calipolis, and two contending who first shall graffe the horne.

After King Lewis had shewed this same by Magicke spells, he departed, leauing Mountgramet murmuring at his wiues disloyaltie, who fell to these speeches. Ah Mountgramet, stab thy selfe to end thy griefe, griefe newe begunne, nowe gins my hart to faynt. Ah Calipolis, vnconstant Calipolis, I alwayes thought thee true, till now the proofe too apparantly is made. Who might for beauty once haue bragged with mee? Calipolis exceeded all in beauties brightnes, til now that Lampe is darkned with inconstancie. Phœbus beames are eclipsed with winter stormes, siluered Luna is curtained with an obscure clowde, the prickles hath ouer-sprung the Rose, the Ivory Lilly turned from rarest white to Rauens black. And to bee briefe, Dianas chastitie, is staines with disloialtie. Ah how I proue the saying true, The hollow Tree is a hiue for the Hornet, Bees haue stings, Fountaines haue Toades, and on the greenest trees are Caterpillers found: the Siren sweetly sings y Saylers wrack, [illegible] Crocodile the Fishers woe, the Vienna when she mournes, [illegible] hen most guilefull, the Tygar is cruell, although hee hides h[illegible] clawes.

Vnconstant Calipolis, the glory of whose face deckt with a vermillion blush, did first transforme mine adamant eyes to amorous loue, in conceit staynning Venus for beautie, beeing much fayrer, and Pallas for wisedome, beeing more wittie, but nowe shee hath proued herselfe as neere Pallas in witte, as Vulcan Mars in property, and as farre from Venus in beautie, as Baucis Iuno in maiestie. And to conclude, in quantitie shee

hath

ſembled the Camelion: herein the olde Prouerb is am-
ſied, Euery Venus hath her temple, and well may Vulcan
nock, but Mars ſhall enter in.

Mountgramer impatient at this hard aſpect, could not pacifie himſelfe, but proteſted that death ſhould guerdon her miſdædes. So calling out one Anthony, after many teares hée vttered theſe words: Anthony, knowing thée to be a faythfull ſeruant, and ſuch a one as within whoſe breaſt I may ſhroude my ſecrets, I will the bolder participate the ſumme of all, which tendeth to this effect. Anthony (quoth he) the Scaraba flyes ouer many a ſweet flower, and lights on a Cowſhard: it is the cuſtome of the flye, to leaue the ſound place of the horſe, and pick at the botch, the manner of Coloquintida to drawe the worſt humours to it ſelfe, the order of Swine to forſake the faire fields and wallowe in the myre: euen ſo did I in my youth, forſake many conſtant Silerias, and made choyce of a diſſembling Demaphon, who hath playde with me as the deceitfull Phiſition doth, in giuing ſweet ſirrops to make his poyſon goe downe the ſmoother. The Juglar caſteth a miſt before mens eyes, to dos his ſleights the cloſer, the Sirens ſong is the Swylers wracke, the Fowlers whiſtle the birds death, the wholeſome bayte the Fiſhes bane, the Harpies haue virgines faces, the Vultures talents, Vienna ſpeakes like a friend, and deuoures like a foe, the calmeſt ſeas hides dangerous rocks, the Woolfe iets in Weathers fells, who would haue thought Epius horſe, ſhould haue harboured the deſtruction of Troy: the Sepulcher Simiramis whoſe tytle promiſeth wealth to the Kings of Perſia, and is nothing but rotten bones, the golden ball that Nero did conſecrate to Iupiter, Captolinus ſtuffed with the ſhauings of his beard. Imagine with thy ſelfe Anthony, is not this Circes cup, able to turne a reaſonable creature to a brute beaſt: the fact is odious, and therefore vnpardonable, and to be briefe, death ſhall quittance her miſdœds. And thus to haue it brought cloſely to paſſe, thou ſhalt accompany her thy ſelfe, to Silia my Minor houſe, there when thou haſt her, in thoſe craggy Woods where heapes of trees may hide ſo foule a deede, there cut her ſhort from life.

From life, may let her liue, perhaps she may recant, recant, no, often haue I heard it sayd, Bred in the bone, will neuer out of the flesh. Therefore resolue thy selfe, she shall dye. With that Anthony hearing his Maysters resolution, beganne in thys manner.

Good Maister (quoth hee) there is no stone so hard, but rayne in time dooth pierce, therefore pardon the first fault, perish not the branch in his prayme, blast not the bud being ready to blossome, no doubt but good counsell may cause such a recantation, as no Northeren blast whatsoeuer, can once blemish the beauty of that branch: the Camelion will turne to the Diamond, so shall you not onely liue in content, but receaue such extraordinary comfort, as your selfe can wish, or in any wise desire to haue.

This friendly saying of Anthony, could nothing allay the rancor setled in his breast, but hee brake forth in this manner. The common people often times, are more afrayd of the serpent that is hidden in the grasse, then the wilde beast that openly feedes vpon the Mountaynes: the Marriner is more endangered by privy shelues, then knowne rocks, the Souldier sooner killed with a small bullet, then a long sword, there is more perill in close Fistulars then outward sores, in secrete ambushes, then maine battels, in undermining then in playne assaulting, in friends then foes, in ciuill discord then forraine warres. But tush, tall Cedars from little graines shall shutte high, great Oakes from slender rootes spread wide, large streames from narrow springs runne farre. One little sparke fiers a whole Citty, one dram of Eliborus, doth ransack euery vaine, the fish Remora, hath a small body and great force to stay ships against wind or tide. Ichnemon, a little worme, ouer-comes the Elephant: the Viper slayes the Bull, the Weasell the Cockatrice, and the weakest Waspe stingeth the stoutest man of war. The height of heauen is taken by the staffe, the bottome of the Sea, sounded with lead, the farthest Coast discouered by Compasse, the secrets of Nature searched by wit, the Anatomy of man, set out by experience, and the abuses of women discouered by their

dissem-

...ing: therefore resolue thy selfe, Calipolis shall dye, ile ... the Author, to deuise her death, & thou the factour to performe he deede.

Maister, quoth Anthony, I knowe women in qualities resemble an arrow, which getting liberty, with wings is carried beyond our reach, kept in the Quiuer, it is still at commaund, or a dog, let him slip, and he is straight out of sight, but hold him in a lease, and hee neuer stirres, or a Colt, giue him the bridle, and he flings at liberty, but rane him hard, and you may rule him, or a shyp, hoyse the sayles and it runnes on head, let fall the Anchor and all is well. He runnes farre that neuer turnes, and a fault pardoned, procures the offender from working displeasure. All these similitudes, mixed with sighes & salt teares, could not in any case alter Mountgramets intent: so the one resolued she should die, & the other constrained to commit the deed, I will rest, and come to the poynt.

Calipolis accompanied with Anthony, had not gone past a mile out of the Citty, but Anthony hammering a thousand dispaires in his head, (procured by her intended death,) burst foorth into teares. Calipolis turning aside her head, espyed the teares trickling downe his cheeks. Who amazed at the sight, desired to know the cause. Who fething a heauy sigh, and wiping away those streames of teares, began as followeth.

Mistris (quoth hee) I am forced by nature and loue, to disclose to you the sum of my Maisters secrets, which are to this effect. He, eyther suspecting, or told some tatling tale touching disloyalty, a blemish to marriage rites, hath solemnly sworne, that nothing should serue, nor pardon passe, but the losse of your life pay raunsome for so foule a deede. And none but I, the vnhappiest of all creatures, am commaunded to be the instrument of your death, therefore good Mistris, quoth hee, forgiue me, though I commit the fact, that am giltlesse of the fault, Calipolis could no longer abide, but burst foorth into these speeches. Unfortunate Calipolis, on whom the sun of Fortune neuer shone, but Plannets ruled by retrogard aspects. Dissembling Ianus, didst thou betray me with a Iudas kisse, to mount mee to thy

 chaire

chayre of state, and now displayes displeasure with the worlds sole hate? Wherein did I offend Mountgramet, in my constancie, which hee hath wrested to disloyalty? Heauens will witnes my giltlesse hart. I thought that no man lyuing equalled Mountgramet, in my harts affection, so did I loue him well and faithfully, for which I am rewarded most vnthankfully. Cruell Destinies, that determines the end of dayes with such reproch. Let any lyuing creature, but once obiect, and say I did commit, the least tytle of defamation to my nuptiall rites, and then I rather wish death to pay the raunsome of that misdeed, then pardon in hope of after mends.

But is it Mountgramets minde Calipolis should dye? Perhaps it was, yet now it may be turned. Hard-harted man, wherein haue I offended thee? in resembling the constant Diamond, though thou accountest me a dissembling Demaphou, or a Wether-cock, that turnes with euery wind. Vnnaturall man, dost thou weigh downe my good will with vntimely death, or present mee with a ponyard that perfumes thee with Roses? Whence springs these frantick seats of bedlam iealousie? Why should he menace death to her that well deserues? What neds these vaine ambages, it is the Fates decrée, and they haue swore my death, the cruell Destinies haue cut my twisted thred, and brought my former blisse to fatall bale. Dissembling fortune, that smilest at my fall.

After she had vttered these playnts, she desired him to finish the end of her dayes. Who hearing the swéte soule willing to receaue the stroke of death, began as followeth. Mistris, quoth he, should I commit so foule a dæde, it were death to my selfe, the flying fowles will disclose my villany, yea, my guilty conscience will bewray my selfe. Therefore good Mistres, quoth he, of two euils the least is to be chosen, alter your attire, change your state, and try your fortune in some forraine Land. Perhaps the Fates being thwarted in their dæds, may turne their frownes to a friendly smile, and grace you vnexpected fauours. Such is the rigour of my Maisters setled malice, that to craue mercy were boteless, and to seeke for lyfe, were labour lost in vaine.

.e. Therefore to escape the heauy stroke of your vntimely ath, and my discharge of promise, and also displeasure of the Almighty, change your attire, alter your state, become like a Page, to get safe passage ouer the Sea, shroud your life vnder the wings of Fortune, and though it be distresse, yet account of it aboue an vndeserued death.

After hee had vttered these speeches, the teares distilling like Nilus downe her cheekes, and after a thousand thanks, she gaue him a kindly salute, and committed her fortune to the Fates. She had not gone a mile after her departure from Anthony, but she framed this wofull farewell.

Calipolis farewell to Fraunce.

FRaunce with teares adue,
Mountgramet is vnkind,
I was to him so true,
as man could wish in mind,
But now I proue, in vaine I did loue,
for nothing I am regarded,
Woe is me alas, how comes it to passe,
my loue should be so rewarded.
Fond iealous man, whence springs this same?
Thou seekes my discredit, & staineth my name.

Heauens will witnes aright,
I loued Mountgramet so,
That nothing could content my sight,
but that which he would doe.
But all was in vaine, though I did remaine,
so iealous a head had he,
That had I beene fleeting, it seemes by his greeting
he could not more suspected me,
Vnnaturall man why dideſt thou so
Mistrust without cause, and nothing didst know?

Fie on thee falſe in hart,
I loued thee ouer-well,
Though thou dooſt cauſe my ſmart,
and makes my hart to ſwell,
Fie on thee froward, crabed and vntoward,
that condemnes without crime,
She needs not to mend, that nere did offend,
in all her dayes and time.
Vnkind in thy loue I breath thee adew,
This hard-hatted dealing will cauſe thee rew,

Yeeld Phœbus teares amaine,
come groane yee Graces three,
The louing wight is ſlaine,
in hart the more pitty,
Some obſcure cloud, fayre Phœbe ſhroud,
whilſt I depart from Fraunce,
Be darke the day, that vnſeene I may be,
bewayle my haples chaunce.
All pleaſures paſt I muſt forſake,
All the glories once I did in pleaſure take.

She hauing ended this Dittie, committed her fortunes to Neptune, ſhip and wind ſeruing for the purpoſe, with which ile reſt, and come to King Lewis, who being paſſionate fell to theſe ſpeeches. Ah Lewis, ouer-cloyed griefes will cauſe thy hart to burſt, hadeſt thou firſt dyed when firſt thou gazedſt on the Baſſaliſk, then hadſt thou periſhed before deſire begunne, but now begunne I heere expect but death: nay worſe then death. Deniall of that Saint in whom I haue ſhrowded my affection, that Goddeſſe whom I in heart adore. Could I but gayne her loue, then Lewis were thrise bleſſed aboue all, yea, but I feare ſhe wil not loue, why Lewis is a King, & therfore may cõmaund. Foliſh man abolliſh this fond determination, trampell loues braunches vnder thy feete, leaſt they ſproute vp to thy heart, bridell thy affection,

loue, for entering at the eye, it harbors at the hart, and hauing ·oke good hand-fast, it indangers the whole body. That Cice··oes tongue cannot preuaile, nor Circes charmes, Calipsoes inchauntments, Archimedas circles, Rhombus riffraffe, bee a medicine for that malady. Fond man, whilst thou sits drawing of Mathematicall fictions, the enemy stands with a sword at thy breast, and he that talketh much, and dooth little, is like to him that sayles with a side winde, and is borne with the tyde to a wrong shore.

After he had bewayled his passions, and could not abollish that fond determination, hee pulled out a letter, charging his Page to poste with it vnto Calipolis, where nowe ile rest and come to King Fredericke, who had kindled such hote coales, as al the water in the world coulde not quench, who vttered these spæches wrapt in a world of woes, consumed in a Labyrinth of cares.

Poore soule, I tosse, I tumble, too and fro, one while I think on this, another while I pause on that, and so twixt hope and dread I liue, though liuing die, and loue is the cause of this calamitie. Fickle Fortune, still froward vnto me, desembling fauors with so kinde a friend, fancie is entertained at my hart, affection lodgeth in thys tender breast, delayes deludeth mee from my deere delight, and loue is cause of all this cruel spight. Imps of reuenge, yee fatall sisters thræ, come Atropos vntwist my thread in twayne, and by your Destinies come worke mee thys despight, robbed of the sweet that rauished my soule, I starue with Mydas, and thirst with Tantalus, burning like the vnquenchable flames of Ætna, ouerflowing like Nilus in thy loue, I search, I seeke, and yet I cannot gaine, and loue alas hath wrought mee all this paine.

Whilst hee was thus breathing out his passions, came the Page with the Letter, who questioning with the boy, after certaine communication had, shewed King Fredericke the Letter, who looking on the superscription, opened the same, and ouerlooked the secrets therein, which tended to this effect.

The

The Letter.

SWæet Goddeſſe of my harts ſole affection, brighter in beauty then Auroraes bluſh that beautifies the ſiluered skyes fayrer in glory, then the turkiſh Carbuncle, or the rar ſhyning Chriſtolit, from whoſe inchaunting face a thouſand charmes, deſcends thorowe the imperiall Orb, and makes men liue a ſubiect vnto loue: no ſooner had my eyes beheld Dame Natures workes, and with the Eagle gazed againſt the ſunne, but loue had giuen ſuch a brauado to my breaſt, as nought but death can alter my affection. Therefore know (ſweete Saint) that the ſting of a Hornet is to be healed, a pricke with the bone of a Dolphyn, is healed by muſick, but he that is wounded with the Scorpion, muſt be healed by the ſame. Therefore ſweete, deeme not of my loue otherwiſe then I deſerue, for I haue heard it ſayd, there is more content in a Countrey Cottage, then a Kings Pallace. Solinus the Turkiſh Emperor, made more account of a poore milke-mayde, then the King of Hungaries Daughter. Diogenes commended one in a home-ſpunne gray gowne, more then one that ſhyned in ſilken robes, alluding to the Lapidarians, that chooſe not ſtones for beauty, but vertue, the Diamond is bright, yet a deadly poyſon, the glorious coate hides the venemous Snake, the greeneſt trees, the fuller of Caterpillers, the Baſſaliſke lurketh in the cleareſt fountaine, the ſweeteſt wine the moſt filthy dregs, the fuller of beauty, the flower is, the emptier of vertue, reſembling the beautifull Roſes in Barbary, that perriſh in the prime, or the hearb Soli, that being croped, loſeth both colour and vertue, the apples of Tantalus, that touched turne to aſhes.

But to be briefe, ſweete loue, you know my eſtate to be reſtleſſe, (ſuch is louers content) and if thou haſt reaſon to deeme of ſnow by the whitenes, or trees by the bloſſomes, thou mayſt eaſily perceaue by the furrowes in my face, which deciphers the ſorrowes of my ſoule, that thou art ſhe, yea thou art onely ſhe, is miſtreſſe and commaunder of my heart, my Diadem, and all I

haue.

haue. Were it to win thy loue and make thee Empresse of the world, I would vndertake the taske with Alexander. Thus restlesse flowing in the tempestious seas of my loue, I rest at your friendly liking, the procurer of my life, or your deniall the finisher of dayes.

Yours for euer, though neuer,
Lewis King of Fraunce.

Fredericke hauing read the Letter, vnderstood the lines, and marking the meaning of euery mthnom, began in this manner, (deliuering the Letter backe to the Page, and commaunding him to make speed.)

Amorous man, thys kinde writing shewes thy interior affection, the painting of these fine phrases, deciphers an inward dissembling. What, Kings are to gaze at starres, and not to stumble on stones. Stay Fredericke, therein thou pinchest thy selfe by the elbow, Medium tenere tutissimum est, the meane is sweete melody, strings high stretched, eyther soone cracke, or quickly grow out of tune. Attempt not with Phaeton, least thou drowne with Icarus, a homely place harbors more content then a Kings Court, Vertue is not shrowded vnder beauties wings, it is often shadowed with the home-spunne coate. Fonde Fredericke, what hast thou done? eaten with the Deare against the winde, or yelded with the Harts in Calabria, that knowing Dictanum poyson, still bruse it with greedines, or grazed against the bowe till thou art striken with the boult? Hast thou sored with the Eagle against the Sunne, till thou art dazeled? Foolish man, thy rash doing is more preiudiciall then thy forward affection. Thou hast made thy friend thy foe, encurred Lewis his displeasure, by ouer-looking his secrets.

Whilst hee was thus solitary, vnloding his secrets, came the Page back, who brought worde of Calipolis death, which heauie tyding was such a corrosiue to Fredericks hart, that taking his pen in hand, after hee had vttered these lines folowing,

hee framed a mournfull Dittie of her death, and so hein-
wardly greeued, he departed from Fraunce.

Heer's heapes of newes vnto a wounded hart,
Calipolis, in whom I ioyed most is dead:
Dead is that ioy wherein I tooke delight,
Fled is delight, and sorrow takes the place,
Sorrow gins to harbor at my hart,
Hart swels, with vnexpected greefes,
Greefe is begunne, all pleasure bids adiew.
Adiew to worlds content on earth,
Earth, all earthly ioyes are fled my hart,
And care hath compast euery little part.
And more, to adde greefe vpon greefe
Vnto a wofull hart that grones,
Thou hast incurred displeasure of thy friend,
Lewis I meane, will sure reuenge the same.
Fond man, I did presume a note too hie.
And if I did, yet Lewis doe thou impute
This frendles fault to loues blinded folly.
That may not be, for Fredericke did amisse,
And therefore shame doth bid mee flie.
Farewell Lewis, though I be forced to shunne,
Fredrick repents, who first the fact begunne.

A mournfull Dittie for the Death of Calipolis.

C Come mournfull Muses shed your teares,
Come grone you Graces three,
A And courtly Dames hang downe your heads,
to mourne amaine with mee.
L Lend Driades boughes, bring pleasant sproutes,
to decke thys Tombe withall.
I In heauenly sort come Satyrs sing,
sith death this wight did call.

Paint

Paint foorth her ſhrine Dianas Nimphes,
embaulme her with the ſweeteſt flowers,
On euery corner let Poets write theſe words,
Both Prince and Peſant death deuours.
Like to the glorious flower that growes
all creatures are on earth.
In cropping it the flower dies,
thus doe we loſe our breath.
So all things liuing ſoone decayes,
But the grace of God doth laſt alwayes.

Heere will I leaue Fredericke, and returne to Lewis, who hauing heard newes of the death of that ſweete Calipolis, entered into theſe ſpæches. Vnfortunate Lewis, the moſt vnfortunate of all men, becauſe more diſtreſſed then any, ſtraine floodes of teares, diſtill them downe thy cheekes, let ſcalding ſighes be portion of ſad lament, thou louedſt her well, and therefore maiſt lament, thou heldeſt her deere, and therefore maiſt thou grieue. Griefes, ſobs, and ſighes compeund in one, bewaile her death that now is dead and gone: gone, yea ſhee is gone, and with her goes my ioy, life lingers but a ſpace. Why loytereth death, ſith I deſire to die, for life is irkſome, and I loth it I. Ah now I ſee that I haue often heard, a dog hath his day, tides obſerue time, and all liuing creatures are tyed to a decorum. The Cedar tree is ſhaken with the Northen blaſts, as well as the ſmalleſt willow ſhrubs. The more beautifull flower, ſoneſt cyther parched with Sommers heate, or infected with Caterpillers. The Heban bloſſoms, open with the dewe, and ſhutte with the Sunne, the leaues of Licoris, when it is moſt wetteſt without, is then moſt dryeſt within, the ſmoother ſtreame, the deeper water, a hote ſunne-ſhine, fore-tells a ſhower. The playing of the Porpos, prognoſticates a fatall diſparagement, the pureſt die, the moſt ſubiect to ſtaynes, the brighteſt bloſſome, the ſoneſt blaſted, the ripeſt fruite, the quickſieſt rotten. Euery plant hath his ſpring, and euery Tree is ſubiect to his fall. The Cherry is firſt greene, but comming to a more gay collour, is ſuffered to grow

no longer, the smallest hayre hath his shadow, and the meanest shrub beareth a shade. All trees florish not that are grafted in Februarie, some perrish with the frost in May, and blast before they bud, euery thing of what nature soeuer, keepes obseruation of times. Time past cannot be recalled backe, shee is deade, quoth hee, and therewith gaue a sigh, with the water stealing downe his cheekes. The pride of all that euer Nature made, the beauty of which bright shining Antiphofix, is shadowed, not with obscure night, but dismall death.

Might acts of Chiualrie (quoth he) attaine to recall her to life, or a world of farre-fetched wealth, might preuaile to procure the same, I would aduaunce my shielde, plume my Creast, comfort my neuer daunted hart, with Alexander, eyther to bee Monarch, or turne the world to a ruinated Chaos: otherwise, attempt with Pellecretio to rippe the bowels of the sole worlde, from Archypelligon right vnder Capricorne, to Causaro fire, burning Tropica. Or els, if phisicke might but be a meanes, I would with Æsculapius seeke out the sence, although seauentie seauen yeares I studied for the same.

But all in vaine I breathe these sadde laments, not all the tongues in the world can call the dead to life againe, therefore Lewis resolue thy selfe, aswage those follies loue hath bredde in thy breast, and sith the Fates determined her death, send for Mountgramet, the actor of so foule a deede, comfort thy selfe, and cut off his dayes.

Now will I leaue Lewis resolued to reuenge her death vpon Mountgramet, and returne to Mountgramet, who hearing it muttered about (as such a tale will flie about a towne, and ring in euery ones eare like a saint bell) that the King tooke great displeasure at the death of Calipolis, and meant with all speede to seaze vpon his goods, and depriue him of his life, which bred such a terror in his hart, that twas no boote to bid him flie, fell into these speeches.

Ah Mountgramet, quoth hee, wiping away the teares that gushed from his eyes, Asses biey danse aqui fortune chante, happie is that man on whom Fortune smiles, and better vnborne

then

, alwaies to liue in care, ouer-cloyed with griefe. The ath of Calipolis flieth like winged Pegasus, or Swallowes in Sun-shine day, and Lewis hath vowed my death, whether shal I flye? nay if I flee, I loose my goods, a guilty conscience doth bewray it selfe: but life is deare, therfore farewel all my wealth, and welcome woe begun, so farewell Fraunce and Paris thrise adew. Adue those heapes of gold in which I ioyed most, and last swart friends with whom I vsed to feast, adue those floods of teares, I breathe my last farewell. Hart swells, and swelling bursts, & bursting breaths you all a sad lamenting adue. Fraunce in thee I gladly would stay, and staied might, had I not beene forlorne, had Calipolis liued, then might I haue liued in France, but she is dead, and therefore all adiew.

Mountgramet (knowing that tyde stayeth no man, and the Marriner that hoyses not sayles at a good winde, may be forst to cast anchor ere he be aware, then comes an after wish,) presently committed the sequell of his fortune to the sea, where Ile leaue him, and returne to Calipolis, who beeing in the Dezart woods within the Province of Denmarke, began as followeth.

Ah Calipolis, far from thy friends now breath thy plaints.
Ye constant wiues that loue your husbands well,
And dote vpon the fauor of so sweete a man,
Bedew your cheekes with teares from Christall eyes,
And let them drop as Nilus Egipt ouer-flowes,
Yee pretty Birds that pleasure in your mates,
Let me intreate ye mourne amaine with mee,
Yeares multitudes of silly chattering Fowles,
Doe hang their heads, and eccho dolefull tunes,
Cease of ye Compartners of my discontent,
Calipolis hath cause, and none but shee must mourne,
Shall I rehearse my pleasure past in Fraunce?
Or thinke vpon the gold I harbored in my chest?
No, no, Calipolis that addeth sorrow to a dying soule,
And heapes more griefe vpon a hart that groanes,
What shall I speake of pleasures that enioyeth payne?

Or talke of gold that wants to buy mee foode?
Ah no, let sorrow be the sequill of my tale,
And mournefull sighing daily be my song,
Come cruell Fates and cut me short,
Life is loathsome, and I line too long.

Calipolis had not rested a while, but Fortune began to smile on her to thys effect. Frederick King of Denmarke, being come out of Fraunce, passing thorowe the woode, was espied on Calipolis, attired like a Page, who amazed at the beauty of ỳ youth, stoode for a space in a dumpe, but at last began as followeth.

Frederick. What wofull wight is that forlorne
Doth fill my hart with ecchoes of his plaints?
Calipolis. Randall a haples youth of Fraunce.
Frederick. It greeues my hart to see so sweet a youth.
Of age so tender, yet ouer-growne with griefe,
Speake Randall whether doost thou trauell?
Calipolis. Euen whether my Fortune wills I should.
Fred. The more I gaze, the more I grieue to see,
The sweetest face that ere my eyes beheld,
Much questioning adues greefe vnto his hart,
Come Randall, thou shalt hence with mee.
Thy beauty bindes my hart to fauour thee.
Randall, thou shalt be bed-made with my selfe.

Randall turning his head aside in this manner,
Ah that same newes is worse then all the rest,
Now Randall looke aboue tis best.
Pardon dread King, I am a poore mans sonne,
Therefore vnfit to be your Highnes bed-mate.

Frederick. I force not of thy birth, beautie makes thee loued, for wert thou a woman, I would make thee a Queene.

Calipolis. Ah now I doubt I am betraied, dread Soueraigne (quoth she vpon her knees) graunt mee one request, tending to this

perfect. Randall hath vowed till his returne to Fraunce ner to sleepe but on his mother earth, then grant thys fauouracious Prince.

Frede. The many fauours in thy louely face, hath graft affation in my tender hart, that biddst thou aske my Diademe, it ould not be denyed.

Calipolis. Then Randall is bound to pray for Fredericks life.

After much more prattle had, (which I haue shortned, for breuitie sake) they both departed towards the Danish Court, the ioy Frederick conceiued, in finding so gallant a Youth, I omit to the Readers censure, and how Fortune hauing wrapped Calipolis in the foulds of her deitie, did highly fauor her, shall after follow.

Now let vs come to Mountgramet, who hauing escaped the frownes of Æolus, & the dangers of Neptune, the raging blasts of Boreas, the Destenies so plotted his course, that intending to haue landed in Spaine, hee was set ashore in Denmarke. Then he suspected the Fates had decreed the fall of his fortune, and the end of his dayes, yeelded himselfe to the remnant of Fortunes pleasure, beginning in thys manner. I knowe (quoth hee) the Gods are offended with me, for so foule a fact, and therefore hath characted some fatall disparagement, in the furrowes of my face, for when I thinke on that harmlesse Calipolis, a certaine grieuing of ỳ flesh (betwraying a guiltie conscience) ouer-cleies my feeble hart. I looke like a condemned man at the place of execution, my culler changeth to a blood red, for telling the murther I consented to, nay, commaunded, or chiefest committed. Therefore Mountgramet, content thee with what calamities soeuer the Gods crosse thee withall, for their cruellest doome, is thy due desert, thou hast doone to death, (with that the teares gushed out so fast, that he could hardly speake a word) the pryde of all Dianas sprouts. Was she not fayre, as are the Swans that on Meander swim? was shee not louely as faire Dido, the Carthage Queene? was she not constant, as Silera was? chast as fayre Diana was? is she a Polip in change? no a Diamond in

all

all her deeds. No reason then that she should dye. But foule, iealousie inforced me to the fact, a fact most heinous to the world unpardonable of Gods, and men, the death of her who alwayes loued thee well, too passing well, but that was quite forgot. Iniurious man, me thinks these silly chattering birds, cryes for reuenge, each bush that shakes doth make me steppe aside, and since the dismall houre of her untimely death, Phœbus is shrouded vnder a cloude, Sol denyes her euening shine, Aurora in obscure darknes showes his face, and all things reuersant turnes to an obscurity.

After he had thus bewailed his present misery a space, hee shifted his wearied steps towards the Danish Court, & hauing neyther company, nor hope of good comfort, to driue away bitter conceits, he framed this sorrowfull Sonnet.

The Sonnet.

YE wofull wights that swimmes in restlesse paine,
Yee hapleſſe men that sorrow doe sustaine,
Shedde forth your teares, and mourne a while with mee,
Whom spightfull Fates hath croſt with cruelty.
Sometimes in Fraunce I lyued in great ioy,
Nere tasted griefe, nor felt such hard anoy,
All things I had that hart could once requeſt,
My credit sprung and florished with the beſt:
Till Fortune, Goddeſſe of each secrete thought,
Within few yeeres thus hatefully hath wrought.
For which fact, with bleeding hart I grone.
The death of her who now is dead and gone.
Fond conceited Iealouſie, an enemy to delight,
Was cauſe that wrought on mee this cruell spight.
I was her death, that loued mee more then life,
Constant Calipolis, my deere and faithfull wife.

Hard

Hard was my hap to ſeeke her woefull end,
That was to me ſo ſweet approued friend.
Yee cruell Fates the cauſers of this ill,
Come ſpet your ſpight my ſilly hart to kill.
If hatefull hell affords more cruell ſmart,
Then Death poſſeſſe my inward troubled hart,
For better tis that I forth-with ſhould die,
Then liue on earth, and want her companie.
Vnhappy was the time, the day, the howre,
That turn'd my ſweet to ſuch a lothſome ſowre.
Well may I wiſh the man to liue in paine
Of ceaſeleſſe torments, neuer eaſe to gaine,
That firſt by Art preſented to my ſight,
The view of that which ſtill afflicts my ſprite.
But more accurſed be that caitiue ſlaue,
Which hath perform'd the charge I raſhly gaue.
And if the Gods haue any plague in ſtore,
Neuer yet heard of, or made knowne before,
Where-with they meane, to men ſhall be expreſt,
How much the fact of murder they deteſt,
Let it for vengeance fall vpon his head,
That others may by his example dread.
Ceaſe, ceaſe Mountgramet, for thy wiſh is vaine,
He was thy ſeruant, thou didſt him conſtraine,
And cauſeleſſe curſe, like arrowe ſhot vpright,
Returning downe, on thine owne head will light:
Therefore ſith I my ſelfe haue done the wrong,
I wiſh reuenge on my commaunding tongue.
I wiſh the fiends to vomit vp their fill,
And at their pleaſure worke on me their will,
Both Fates and fiends full ſore I did offend,
In cruell ſort her guiltleſſe life to end.
I know twere vaine a pardon for to craue
Of all the Gods, which no remorſe will haue.
Whilſt here I liue, I looke for nought but paine,
And after life in hell for to remaine.

Where multitudes of wicked murthering wights,
Tormented are in damned wofull plights.
All pleasures packe, and welcome woe begun,
Sighing shall be my song, all merry notes are done,
And still in teares lament my foule offence,
Till Death doe strike, and I must needs goe hence.

Having ended this Sonnet, Fortune having displayed her ensignes, and got the triumph to her owne content, began with a friendly smile to cheare a sorrowfull hart in this sort. Calipolis being sent in her Page attire with certaine Letters concerning the Kings affaires, to one of his Nobility, in making her returne, chanced to fire her eyes upon this distressed man Mountgramet, whose Atlas burthen of cares, had altered so much hys countenaunce, and on the contrary part, the supposed death and change of attire, so farre altered Calipolis, that one knewe not another.

Calipolis recalling to minde her owne former calamities, in friendly curtesie gaue him the time of the day, and questioned with him somwhat merrily of his Country and travel. Whether he knew the murthering husband of Calipolis? at whych words, Mountgramet suspecting hee had beene betrayed, thinking life was sweet, began to check Calipolis, calling her an inquisitive boy, wishing if she would auoyd his displeasure, to be packing, least he furred his Mandilion with a few Lamb-skinnes. Then Calipolis suspecting him to be some spye, and calling to mind the credite got if she could conquer him, the feebleness of the man hartned her to these speeches.

Calip. Sirra you must with me to the King, suspition sayes thou art a spie, and if thou be not such a man, draw thy weapon for I meane to try thee.

Mount. Youngstar I defie thee.

Calip. First try me, then after defie mee.

Mount. There lie my weapons, thou hast conquered me.

Calip. Then let me ioy in thy captiuitie.

Mount.

.nd let me ioy with gazing on thy beauty, thou so re-
c whom whilom I loued deare, that were I Alcides,
.dst conquer me.

po. He doth so neerely resemble him whom late I loued,
ere I hard harted Scipio, I must fauour him. Captiue I
y hart is ouer-cloyed with greefe, step aside, and vnlode them
.hy selfe. Mountgramet stepping aside, leaning himselfe vnto
hady bough, began as followeth.

Unfortunate man, I see the Destinies determines a final end
f thy dayes. For when I drew my sword with intent to strike,
a sodaine conceite present, forced me to throw downe my wea-
pons, my feeble hart was fully perswaded it was the very goast
of Calipolis, with that a certaine flood of teares gushed forth, and
finished his tale for a space.

Then fell Calipolis to these sodaine passions. Fond Calipolis,
what foolish imaginations hast thou bred in thy brest? may not
one man be like another. Mountgramet liues safe and secure in
Fraunce, & let Fortune show all the authority her deitie affords,
& she cannot bring her triumph to such effect. Tis but a thought
bred in a suspitious hart, vnlikely to be true, because vnlike to
be brought to such a purpose. But what should one say, the Fates
are frowning, and their deity is of great force, therfore perswade
thy selfe it may be. With that she hung downe her head, and said
no more. Mountgramet hauing wiped away the teares, began
againe to this effect.

Many trees beare blossomes, all beautifull, but yet seuerall
fruits. Many hearbs be greene that are of sundry natures. If all
things that be of one colour, haue no contrary effect, we should
imagine Chalke were Cheese, but fond in thine opinion, Cali-
polis is murthered, and thou art plagued for the martyrdome.
The rauening Fowles haue fed their fill on her harmeles flesh,
therefore it cannot be, vnlesse the angry Fates hath decreed her
thirsting goast, should in the habite of a Page prognosticate my
present fall: resembling a glorious sunne-shine, that fore-tels a
storme, the promise of a pardon to a condemned man that is sure
to dye: otherwise it cannot be, with that, wringing his hands

together, he was silent for a space.

Calipolis, who all this while had stoode in a dumpe Mountgramet in a maze as though he had no more to say, in this wise: it seemes (quoth she) that eyther your griefe began extreame, that you cannot breathe them from the center of your hart without breaking, or else you keepe a certaine showe of your sembling, thinking to delude the time till darke night. Therefore no if thou hopest to attayne favour à my hands, or liberty for thy life, pluck up your wearied feete, and travell away with me as fast as you can.

Mountgramet was so bewitched with the beauty of Calipolis, which bred such fond determination in his head, that if she had runne before, he would have followed, so fast as he might possible.

Yet before he stirred his foote, desired her of all favours not to interrupt his amazed melancholy humour with questioning. Calipolis, who was pricked with the same thorne, seeing both bit with one dog, was so busie, hamering her owne late conjectures, that without further intreaty, willingly graunted his desire. Now are they both wandring towards the Danish Court, both of them as busie as a Bee, tempring a thousand coniectures in their braines. Not long traveling together, but stil they viewed each others countenaunce, without any interrupting of each others gazing, but in fine, they entred the Court, and being come to the King, Calipolis falling on her knees, after the deliuery of her former message, began in this manner. Dread King, quoth shee, meeting this stranger by the way, all amort, in pensiue passion, after certayne communication had, I enquired of his Country, suspecting him a French-man, and some secret spiing foe to your excellency, who presently offered violent words, and to be briefe, wee buckled together, before any foyle was giuen, he perceauing the first attempt of so tender a youth, yelded himselfe captiue. Thus without ere a bout I conquered him, whom heere I offer to your royall Maiesty for further examination.

May it like your Maiesty, quoth Mountgramet, to giue mee liberty

uncle, like. The gracious fauours that Nature framed at the ꝛtwise fayrer then the Sapher or bright shiuing Carthoeking fayre Luna in her siluer shine, or Auroraes blush mornings breake, Phœbus beames in a Sun-shyne day, Lamps that glorifies the heauens, so neere resembled my polis, that to conclude nought but beauty conquered me, and ere she aliue, none but shee had conquered me. Therefore I erswade my selfe none but her thirsty wandring goast hath cõquered me.

Calipolis perceauing it was her Mountgramet, was strucken in such a sodaine dumpe, as amazed all the beholders, yet at last plucking vp courage replied in this sort, (vnbutning her Dublet showing her pretty paps.) Behold, quoth she, none but thy Calipolis hath conquered thee. Pardon dread King, I am Calipolis, whom Fortune now hath highly fauoured. Thus will I leaue the friendly Reader to imagine the sodaine ioy and communication had betwixt them, and come to Fredrick, that fostered so faire a woman almost a fortnight, and caught not so much as a kisse, who raged against his ouer-sight in this sort.

Fredrick (quoth hee) heerein, thou hast resembled the foolish Lapidarian, that beholding a precious stone, neglecteth time to try the vertue, and so casting it aside looseth a great value. But meruaile not, for I haue heard it sayd, Loue is blind, and therefore can iudge no colours, else might outward beauty, discouer inward vertue. Foolish man that hauing caught a Fowle feathered to thy owne affection, and couldest not lay salt on her tayle as the saying is, but meruaile not, for doubtles she is fauored of the Gods, to be a miracle to all the women in the world. Large promises, great protestations, could not impeache her constancy, a meane woman, fostered simple, not Princesse like, as her friends were able, and not to be tempted with a Diadem, deserueth to be canonized in Tables of perpetuity, euer to be reade, and neuer to be rased out, till all things reuersant, dye in endles obliuion. So turning himselfe towards the two ioyfull persons, thy constancy Calipolis quoth he, hath purchast many fauours at my hand, therefore frolicke with thy husband, and

Mountgrametromfort thy ſuppoſed dead wife.
of Fortune be a meanes of more ferment aff
the Gods ordayned it for good, and ſith all things
content, though the loſſ of your goods, and the pu
griefe for the preſent time, to be playne, I was the
this ill, being enamored of this conſtant Dame, ſhew
in a glaſſe by Magick ſpell, which deciphered nothing
pretended lyes, becauſe I could not obtayne of her my pu
The defamation of her marriage rytes, I can neuer quitta
with amends, your griefes ſuſtayned, I cannot recall, the wel
you loſt, ſhall be valued and repayed to you both trebble fold, a
loſſe what you loſt in Fraunce, ſhall be trebble rewarded he
in Denmark.

After theſe large promiſes, they yelded thanks to his excel-lencie, and reſted at Fredricks diſpoſe, where leauing them at their expectation, I end my Garland of a greene Wit, garniſhed with ſuch flowers, as my barren Garden affords.

FINIS.